

The Carnival of Crime.

By FRANK HOWARD HOWE and LANCELLA CHESTER MAXWELL.

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tion at Fontank Point. There we had such excellent sport that I, when I finally did come back to the city, returned in the most amiable frame of mind. It is always a relief not to have to lie about one's hunting experiences. And this time I was able to tell the story with but an imperceptible stretching of my conscience. I felt it to be a luxury.

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— CHICKEN —
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account that I did not even swear when Raeburne burst into my room, slamming the door with such violence as to knock my favorite meerschaum off the mantel into the fireplace, smashing it into fragments. I was engaged at the moment with Garbould, the critic, called by his friends after the aboriginal fashion "Old man-who-knows-it-all." He was relating

some prate little about the latest dramatic success, a kind of gossip that is always palatable to me. Well, we were thus rudely interrupted, the labor of seven years lay ruined on the hearthstone, and yet I used no violent language. I merely said to Raeburne, pointing to the remnants on the hearth:

"You have dropped something, Fred. Would you mind picking it up?"

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My pleasant manner was, however, by no means imitated by the great Garbould. He had not been duck shooting, and he could not be expected to be in so sweet a mental condition as myself. Besides, Garbould is not used to being interrupted. He is always treated with the greatest deference to his face, whatever liberties may be taken with him behind his back. So that I feel his headlong entrance was

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"Hang you, Raeburne," he exclaimed in great heat. "What's the matter with you? You must be suffering from a determination of blood to the head. Nature abhors a vacuum, I know. But you'd better hold on to yourself. If I were you I'd take medical advice."

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"Adrie! be blowed," shouted Fred. He waved a letter in his hand in great glee. There was evidently something in the wind that rendered honest Fred impervious to sarcasm and to wrath alike.

"I'm sorry for the pipe, Malcolm, deucedly sorry," he continued. "But I can't help it. I'm almost crazy today. My story's been accepted."

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"My story's been accepted.
 "What, 'The Carnival of Crime?'"
 gasped.
 "Yes," cried Fred.

"Who the devil would take anything of yours?" growled Garbould.

"The Eclectic, and no mistake, you duffer," replied Fred.

"Nonsense," we both cried.

"Here is the check to prove it," said Raeburne, producing a narrow slip of paper.

Of course that convinced me, and I was

"I have long said," he remarked, icily, "that that magazine is in very bad hands. Its present editors are ruining it—simply ruining it."

"I must be out of date, indeed," rejoined Garbond, "when the mere fact of having a silly story accepted, undoubtedly through some mistake, gives a boy like you the right to insult a man whose name was a household word long before you or your magazine were born, and will be when you are both forgotten."

Ræburne was about to make some rash reply, and there is no knowing how the wrangle would have proceeded, had not I come to the rescue as peacemaker. Fred is something of a Hotspur, and as for old Garbould, he is an Englishman and is gifted with more than the usual amount of true British obstinacy. It was therefore with some difficulty that I as

last succeeded in reconciling them. Fred was the first to come round.

"Come, old man," he said, holding out his hand, "don't be huffy. There, I apologize. Give us your fist."

Garbould consented to be mollified, and smiling peace once more abided with us.

Of course this great piece of news knocked all other subjects of conversation on the head. The fortunes of "The Writ

ing Master," the play Garbould had been talking about, no longer interested man. I read Fred's letter from The Elective Affinities while Garbould examined the cheque (for a good round sum it was, too), at first doubtfully, then critically, but at last approvingly. He was forced to admit that Fred had written something which, for some reason or other, had found favor in the eyes of a great, the greatest, literary

the eyes of one of the greatest military authorities in the country. Garbould is a critic, and it goes without saying that he is a skeptic and a cynic at the same time. Of course, he admitted nothing openly, but I thought I could see a gradually dawning respect for Raeburne in his tone and manner as the conversation progressed. The old fellow is intolerant to a degree, and only listens to other people's

opinions upon compulsion. But this afternoon he showed unusual forbearance for him, not contradicting us more than once in three minutes. So that when the two got up to go off together I detained Fred long enough to whisper: "If I was not convinced of your good fortune by the evidence of the check, I should certainly be forced to believe after seeing old Garbould's manner toward you, — I am convinced."

Fred laughed and blushed, and went as evidently well pleased with himself, with me, with Garbould, and with the world in general.

Well, the result of it all was that Fred and Laura were married. Mrs. Rutledge did all in her power to break off the match, but when she found that was in-
